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Imbecile Economy

BE LABORING high prices has been a popular enough pastime to drive a couple of million men out of work and into soup houses. By now it may be beginning to dawn on citizens in general that something for a nickel when you haven't got the nickel is a whole lot more expensive than the same thing for a dime when you have that piece of silver at your disposal.

High prices are the barometer of prosperity. They indicate a healthy condition in the business world, plenty of work at wheel, wages, smoking chimneys, buzzing about in the backwoods or settle in an agricultural community where poverty hangs on the seasons and the fruits of civilization are as far off as the Garden of Hesperides. There are islands in the South Seas where money is unknown. Eggs are cheap there, and fish and air. Clothes cost nothing because there are none.

That is what we have been straining to get away from. Humanity has been thinking and laboring and struggling and sweating for centuries to get up and away from such stagnation. Its intelligence has been co-ordinated and its stamina tested in the prodigious battle. And when by the mercy of Providence and the magnificent application of genius we have progressed so far that the push of a button turns night into day and the push of another brings into our kitchens the riches of all lands and countries, when we have made the metals our servants and the hidden forces of nature our slaves, there burst forth loud protests from vociferous gentlemen of the "I-wish-for-the-good-ol-days" type, and they actually succeeded in convincing a large part of the people that the high cost of living was ruining them.

We have had a taste of theoretical low prices. We have seen what it means to set the clock back. There is a happy mean, neither too high nor too low, but under ordinary conditions the law is inexorable that high prices connote real prosperity, an abundance of money, the capacity to get the things that money will buy. As between our mills running and a few cents more for their products and our mills not running at all there can be but one decision. We need legislators who can grasp the idea of the middle ground and not spend their time devising new methods of amassing profits. Inventive genius is the greatest safe deposit of high prices that we have. Our lawmakers, on the other hand, begin by trying to depress prices and end by depressing prosperity.

Uncle Sam as Miss Nancy

COLONEL GOETHALS should be dismissed for extravagance. He actually cabled the Government that he needed ships to preserve the neutrality laws. It is obvious that he might just as well have written or have sent his dispatches by messenger overland, on foot. For how could Colonel Goethals possibly know the situation so well as his superiors at Washington, those far-seeing statesmen who intuitively are aware of everything?

Decided, the ships are needed to carry potatoes and canned goods to the extremities of the world. The big guns are to be removed to make space for cargo. Verily, Colonel Goethals must be strangely ignorant of the program for restoring the American flag to the oceans. Plainly his judgment is not to be relied on, for his long career has been characterized by few, if any, mistakes; a fact in itself likely to arouse suspicion. Uncle Sam is rapidly becoming Miss Nancy and may have his wrist watch taken from him if he is not careful.

Ahead of Mr. Bryan

THERE is a rumour abroad. Hear Representative Buchanan declaring that as "Mr. Roosevelt seldom expresses himself through the newspapers and magazines, it might be well to get hold of him and drag something out of him on the subject" of our unpreparedness. Perhaps Mr. Buchanan has been asleep. Why, word for word, Mr. Roosevelt is \$100,000 ahead of Mr. Bryan!

Quibbling Over Patronage

QUITE naturally Senator O'Gorman wanted to suggest all of the Federal appointments in the State of New York. Precedent is on his side. Nearly every President has consulted with Senators and Representatives before distributing patronage. Thus, a mandatory interpretation has been put upon the words of the Constitution: "He (the President) shall nominate, and by the advice and consent of the Senate shall appoint."

Senators are jealous of their own honor and when it is threatened they fling into a body of defense. There are prominent constitutionalists who hold that the words "by the advice and consent of the Senate" apply only to appointments, and that the President has the full right of nomination.

It is true President Wilson has simply ignored a precedent, and in so doing has laid down upon himself the rebuke of the Senate. And the burden of proving that the Senate is unfit for the appointment falls upon the Senate. But behind the technicalities of the case lies the entire question of a distribution of patronage. Senators and Representatives have always claimed it, and the claim has rarely been denied.

Such a question should make a cleavage between the President and the United States Senate. It is a constitutional question, and it should be decided in a constitutional manner. It is not a question of patronage, but a question of principle.

all of the politicians of the land will be with the Senate, but most of the straight-forward, unsophisticated people will side with the President. At any rate the impasse should have been avoided by the exercise of a little tact.

Hear Ye! Hear Ye!

HAIL to the triumvirate! The mogul maximus and the mogul minimi, so to say, have met and conferred and decided. To this part of the program Mr. Vane will attend and to that Mr. McNichol will give his attention; for even as juicy contracts must be divided fairly between the two, so likewise must the lawmaking of the Commonwealth be equitably distributed between them. So has it been decided and so will it be done.

Most of the things on which Philadelphia has set her heart she will get, say the mighty three, for great operations require contracts and contracts require contractors, and there are no contractors who stand a chance except the two who are going to see that the Legislature does the right thing. How fortunate it is that the needs of these gentlemen and the necessities of Philadelphia point the same way!

But as for smaller Councils and good government, nay, nay! It must not be. Who's kicking, anyway? If the Organization is willing to provide scores of Councilmen with the means of livelihood and the appurtenances thereto, at the expense of the taxpayer, who so vile as to object? Besides, the pickings have been too rich under the old plan to gamble with a new one.

This is a free country and we have a right to be governed the way we like, by a mogul maximus and mogul minimi or any other kind of mogul we want. But it is perfectly obvious that the Commonwealth has erred in not providing funds for the formal promulgation of the edicts and orders of these democratic rulers.

Give Us a Definite Policy

THE outbreak of the war brought what-ever common sense there happened to be in Congress to a head. A few of the barriers placed in the way of an American merchant marine were removed. As a result 101 ships, of a gross tonnage of a third of a million, have come under United States registry. This is a gain of some significance in itself, but it is most important as showing what can be accomplished if the navigation laws are liberalized, or, to use a better word, modernized.

Our system is obsolete. It is the most standpat thing we have. In the matter of consular fees alone the American ship is penalized intolerably. A British vessel, it seems, pays a gross sum annually for consular service, but an American bottom is mulcted by our representatives in every foreign port it visits. There are other imposts equally as discouraging. We have had protective tariffs to protect American manufacturers, but in shipping we have pursued exactly the opposite course; that is, we have protected our competitors against all competition by us. The President has diagnosed the disease very accurately, but he suggests a palliative instead of a remedy. He wants to experiment.

There are men in the United States who know something about shipping and would not be long in deciding on a definite plan for the rehabilitation of our marine along economically sound lines. The dying Congress can do nothing of more final value to the country than to appoint a capable commission, the recommendations of which, after due consideration, should form the basis of a settled, definite and nonpartisan policy to be adhered to tenaciously and vigorously carried out.

Simple Simons or Piemen?

GREAT are politicians and devious their ways. There is that \$50,000 appropriation whereby and by means of which the unemployed are to be succored, aided and fed. It is a large sum of money, although when distributed among more than 100,000 men, who want work instead of charity, it will not go very far.

Millions for public works would have been a real oasis for men who want jobs and can't get them. But the erudite gentlemen who guard the municipal treasury found so simple and excellent a solution of the problem entirely beyond their comprehension. Not that they are Simple Simons, for they have been known to trade and barter with success, but because they enjoy a good game, and there is no game quite so exciting as politics.

The distinguished persons who will distribute the \$50,000 will make every dollar of it count, and with it they will accomplish no end of good. They will take the tool as they find it and use it with consummate skill. But there would have been no need for their efforts and unemployment would have been reduced to the normal if the piemen had not been listening to their master's voice, the deep, guttural tones of the Organization. The unemployed will not forget.

A coal man's Christmas.

If Russia had a few more news dispensers the German armies would be annihilated.

After the war there will be an entirely different kind of retrenching in Europe.

For a time it appeared that Colonel Goethals was more likely to get a Chautauque lecture than ships.

There is some reason to suppose that Doctor Brumbaugh also will have something to say about legislation.

Although the commuter may be a bit discomfited, he yet has a potent weapon with which to worry the railroads—the trolley.

Evidence continues to pile up that "It's a long way to Tipperary," whether from the British or the German point of view.

If Senator Penrose is nominated for President on the Republican ticket, it will be G. H. James who makes the seconding speech.

Counting both the Vares as one man, we have in them, McNichol and Penrose one triumvirate and four pairs of breeches, a combination unprecedented in history or art.

The Woman's Legislative Congress has voted down eugenic and supported cigarettes. Yet, if fewer cigarettes were smoked, eugenic would not be so much emphasized.

The poll of Councilmen on the transit plans revealed the fact that a number of our lawmakers had never heard of them. Filing two jobs at once does not give a man much leisure.

President Wilson and Senator Marine are reported to have reached a breaking point in their official relations. If so, the President can console himself with the knowledge that there is no Senator of the "Farmers' Order" who is elected from New Jersey, which means that he is unable to do anything.

THE REAL KAISER BEHIND THE MASKS

Wilhelm II Only a Man Like Many Others, But a Man of Mystery—Surprises of a Diverse Personality—A Biography Difficult to Write.

By VANCE THOMPSON

NO personality has been so disfigured and distorted in this whirlwind of war as that of the Kaiser of Germany.

Hate has been poured out on him; the caricaturists have had their way with him. He has been seriously depicted as the Antichrist. In Switzerland, in Italy and France I saw thousands of savage and often indecent caricatures of the Kaiser; and it is a strange and disconcerting fact that these caricatures were made and printed in Germany—chiefly in Munich.

On the other hand, the German, and especially the German-American, papers have lent themselves to laudation—almost to deification—of this unhappy sovereign. One German professor—it was Dr. Adolf Lassen, professor of philosophy in the University of Berlin—could find neither English nor German words fit to express his adoration of the Kaiser and, rising into Latin, he declared Wilhelmus Secundus to be delicia generis humani—"the delight of the human race"—which is quite as absurd as to call him the Antichrist.

In Many Roles

The Kaiser is a man like many others; he is an unhappy man with a tragic destiny.

Amid all this adulation and vituperation I wonder whether it is possible to tell the truth about the predestined man. I have seen him many times in the year; I have studied him as one of the most significant problems in European history, and most of what I know about him I have learned from his German subjects. Perhaps, after all, it is best not to write too much, but a little truth never hurt any one—living or dead.

When he came to the throne more than a quarter of a century ago he surprised every one. He had been known as an authoritative and bellicose Prince, and his speeches and proclamations showed him as a pacific and courteous monarch. And throughout the years he has gone on surprising people. He has done everything and been everybody; and in his multiple disguises it is hard to tell just who the real Wilhelm is. Is he hunter, yachtsman, skater—he has posed in each role—or is he painter, musician, poet or preacher? He has played every part. That is why he is so elusive as a man. At the moment you saw him dressed as a Prussian general; in an hour he was disguised as an Austrian field marshal, an English admiral or a colonel of the Bersaglieri. He has worn the casque of the Death's Head Hussars and the fez of the Turk. Under all these shifts and changes of costume and attitudes what sort of a real man was hid?

Physically, not an impressive man. The German Kaiser is short and of late years rather stout.

Seeking an Ideal Wilhelm

Rather short and stout, with a clear eye and an imperious look, with a willful chin and a straight, strong nose, with sensual nostrils and lips—that is he. The moustache you know. Sometimes he wears it drooping, sometimes twisted up into truculent curves; sometimes clipped short. He is always experimenting with it; and with his hair. One year he parts his hair on the side; another year he stands erect on his toes. He has always loved to vary his personal appearance, seeking, as it were, the definite and ideal Wilhelm he is to hand on to posterity. It is as though in all these transformations he had been trying to find himself. A man of peace and prayer, and yet you remember the Moroccan crisis? It was as though wild Mars-Loke in him. He stormed down into Alais-Lorraine—he leaped from city to city, filling them with midnight alarms, with bugle calls and drum beats. Some haunting ghost of the Great Frederick had chased away the Lohengrin in him. But he did not make war.

That is the thing to bear in mind. Twice he threatened, but he did not make war. The gesture satisfied him. He had spoken like a warrior and he was content. The mere attitude sufficed. Here I think we are getting close to the heart of this mystery.

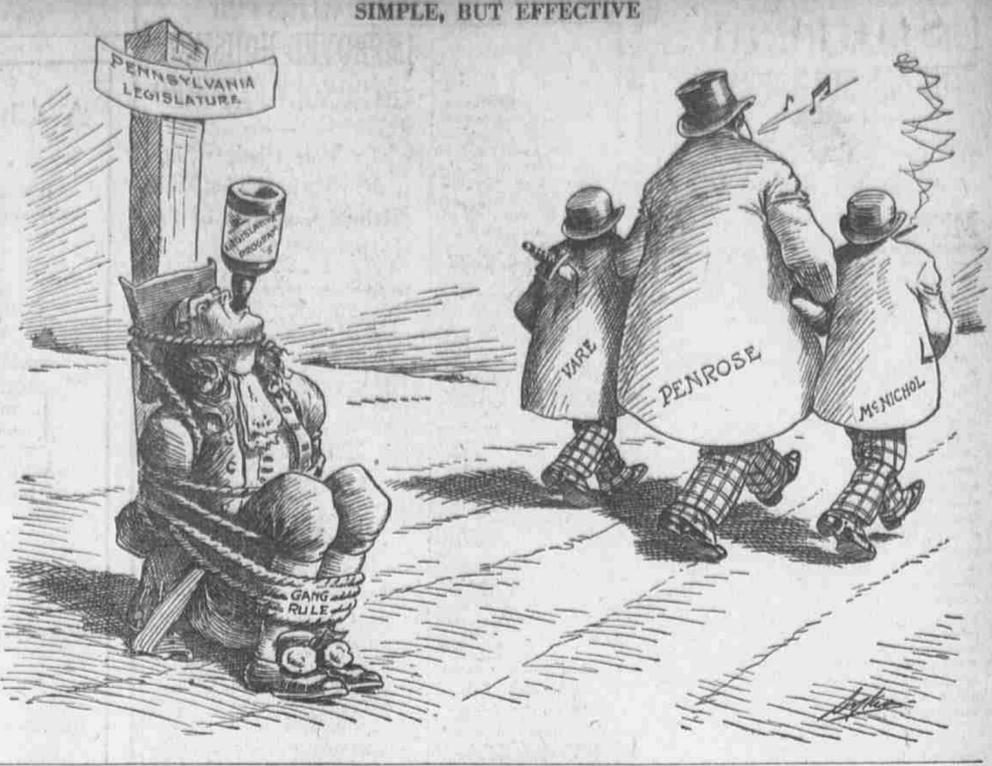
Great orator, great poet, great diplomat, great orator, great warrior—it was in his sad destiny that he should try to be each of them and all. The malicious "Countess van Epinghoven" states it was Professor Knackfuss, of Cassel, who painted his pictures—aided by Karl Seltmann, who put in the landscape and marine; that the Court Chaplain Frommel wrote his sermons; that Von Moltke composed the famous "Hymn to Fair"; and that the military discourses were prepared by the officers of his military household. I do not quite believe it. In a way he did all these things. He lived for a while in these diverse personalities. And the good Germans, his subjects, averred it.

Tragic Destiny

Do you remember a book once famous? It was written by Professor Quide, of Munich, and 150,000 copies were sold in the first two weeks. In all 500,000 copies were sold and the professor made a small fortune—more than Mommsen or Von Treitschke gained in 19 years. The title was "Caligula: A Study of the Insanity of Caesarian Power," and what the professor did was to establish a parallel between the acts of the successor of Tiberius and those of the Kaiser of Germany. Like Wilhelm II, Caligula loved the theatre and posed himself as an actor, making all his kings, gladiators, dancers; and, too, he was fond of making speeches. And then, I remember, Caligula announced his intention of invading Great Britain; and he marched his legions to the sea. That was all.

And Professor Quide, in his book, recalls the fact that when Caligula came to the sea he ordered his legions to gather up the seashells and carry them back to Rome as "spoils of the conquered ocean."

I do not say that across these German anecdotes and polemics you can see the real Kaiser; but I think you can see at least a hint of the real man—for he is neither Antichrist nor the "delight of the human race." And his real biography will not be published until the Year I of the German Republic. Perhaps not even then.



COMMISSION RULE A SUCCESS IN ERIE

Dreams of "the Visionaries" Have Come True—No Mourning Over the Passing of the Old Bicameral Council.

By HENRY A. CLARK

State Senator and Author of Act Providing Commission Form of Government in Pennsylvania Cities

THE system of commission form of government for cities of the third class in Pennsylvania has been in operation and effect so long that we are now able to determine from actual results whether it has proved to be the success that its friends prophesied or the failure that its opponents predicted.

The practical operation of the system in one city and the results attained in it may or may not be fairly typical of what has been accomplished in other places, but the natural inference is that if it has been easily and surely a success in one it ought to be and could be so in all, for the municipal problems of the entire group are similar and the legal formula for solving those problems is the same.

During the discussion of the bill in the legislative sessions of 1911 and 1913 and up to the 27th day of June of that year when the bill became an act by the Governor's approval, the city of Erie, having a population of about 50,000 and being the third largest city of the class, was an ardent, continuous and intelligent supporter of the measure.

Its Chamber of Commerce, Board of Trade, Business Men's Exchange, nearly all of the civic associations and a great majority of its citizens demanded a change and rejoiced when it came.

Have they been disappointed? Do they wish the old bicameral council reinstated? Decidedly not, judging from the expressed views of many of her leading citizens.

When nominations were to be made a large number of candidates presented themselves, a spirited contest took place and during the campaign for final election the interest was intense.

The result of the election was a keen disappointment to many, some regarded it as a calamity—others did not so consider it. The Mayor held over, and among the four members of Council elected were a pattern maker, a printer and a lawyer.

Increased Civic Activity.

The advocates of the system had declared that it would beget an increased civic activity, and they were correct.

Presumably the structural features of the law are too well known to need mention now, as they have heretofore been discussed and given publicity. The newly elected officials of their duty, Eric qualified and entered upon their duties, passed the necessary ordinances to enable them to carry out the purposes of the act, assigned themselves to the heads of

apostrophous King Albert of Belgium as follows: "Nor fore the agony qualied or shrank. Think not we reckon aught of this. Valiant in field and sacrifice! Our children shall the legend tell Of Albert, King, whose name shall spell Wherever read as none other can: 'Great King, Great Soldier, and a Man!'"

As an example of the patriotic devotion awakened by the present conflict, these selections from a hymn to France are offered: "Hail France, my native land, and home of all that's high and fair! I bid thee fear no hostile hand nor horde that grind loved acres bare. For they shall bloom another morn, a smile more radiant and wide—Enriched with rarer wheat and corn where'er one last foeman died!"

Unemployment Problem

From the Chicago Daily Tribune. To what extent, asks Mayor Mitchell, can the co-operative effort and foresight of manufacturers, financiers and merchants minimize chronic unemployment at a certain period of the year? In answering this first question the business men may have important suggestions to make to States, counties, cities and other governing bodies. Such bodies undertake various enterprises without reference to the condition of the labor market and the money market. They can plan more wisely, postpone judiciously, and enter the market as employers and spenders when their aid is particularly welcome.

There is also the question of better organization of public, quasi-public, and private employment bureaus. The bureaus opened by cities and States are useless or worse in too many cases, because the paralyzing hand of spoils and politics is so thick. Inefficiency is the rule. Of the private agencies some can be cured by surgical treatment; only the legislative and reasonably efficient ones should be preserved and brought into some sort of definite relation with official and benevolent agencies.

A Real Christmas Tree

From the New York Evening Post. It is suggested that the Western town which has in use for its municipal Christmas tree a telegraph wire intended with sage brains to direct incoming letters to the various headquarters of the town's various departments, should use as its Christmas tree a telegraph wire intended with sage brains to direct incoming letters to the various headquarters of the town's various departments.

Our Preparedness

From the New York Sun. I cannot sympathize with those sincere gentlemen who oppose military and naval defenses for this country on the ground that they will make for war. I do not think so.—William H. Taft.

If we want to put ourselves in a position to render a service to humanity and to the world, we will not do it by arming ourselves and swaggering around and bragging to the world of what we can do.—William Jennings Bryan.

No reasonable, prudent man who faces facts can reach the conclusion that the nation has no need of preparation of its military resources.—Lindsay M. Garrison.

If the full strength of the British fleet were brought in conflict with the United States fleet we would not, in my opinion, be able to protect our commerce and our country successfully because of its greater strength.—Rear Admiral Fletcher.

IS AT APART

The children danced a merry ring. I watched them while I heard them sing. "Derry down, oh, derry down! The bride shall wear a myrtle gown." "Broomstick I sat apart."

Three mothers chatted 'neath a tree With maternal complacency: "Your child is tall, and yours are fair. Your son stands with his father's air. But yours glomed my heart."

The ring girls wait. See each child his. An airy, dashing dragon. "Derry down, oh, derry down! The wife shall wear a velvet gown." "I missed my empty fate."

Their heads "against mother's breasts" they ring. "These ample breasts that poets sing. The plaited bosom veined with blue. How tenderly doth comfort you. My clenched teeth were agrate."

Was his child like these, like and fair. His name whom I might see near? "Derry down, oh, derry down! She hath no babe to drive to town." "I watched my unfilled breast."

By one again the quacking crew Of his wife's plaited bosom. "These ample breasts that poets sing. The plaited bosom veined with blue. How tenderly doth comfort you. My clenched teeth were agrate."